

MISCELLANIES.

Consisting chiefly of

ORIGINAL PIECES

I N

P R O S E and V E R S E.

By D - - n S - - - - T.

Never before Published in this Kingdom.



D U B L I N Printed.

L O N D O N: Re-printed for A. M O O R E
in *Fleetstreet*, 1734.

(Price One Shilling.)

MISCELLANEOUS

1871

ORIGIN

1871

L. D. W.

LONDON

(1871)



A N

APOLOGY, &c.

ALADY, Wise as well Fair,
Whose Conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a Point of Moment;
Wou'd have the Text as well as Comment;
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave, as to be unpolite,
Thought human Learning wou'd not lessen,
The Dignity of his Profession;
And if you had heard the Man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the Court farewell,
Retreating silent to his Cell;

B

Suspected

Suspected for the Love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before;
 Which made it more surpris'g how
 He should be sent for thither now.

The Message told, he gapes—and stares,
 And scarce believes his Eyes, or Ears.
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain wou'd hear it told again;
 But then the 'Squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the Honour:
 And wou'd not fail to wait upon her.
 His Beaver brush'd, his Shoes, and Gown,
 Away he trudges into Town;
 Passes the Lower Castle Yard,
 And now advancing to the Guard,
 He trembles at the Thoughts of State;
 For, conscious of his sheepish Gait,
 His Spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
 He stop'd, and could not tell what ail'd him:

What was the Message I receiv'd;
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd?
 To dine with Her! and come at Three!
 Impossible! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the Word;
 My Lady —— it must be my Lord.

My

My Lord's Abroad ; my Lady too ;
 What must the unhappy Doctor do ?
Is † Capt. Crach' rode here, pray? — No.
Nay then 'tis time for me to go.
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my Name ;
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
 And yet there must be some Mistake.
 Why, what a Jest shou'd I have been,
 Had now my Lady been within.
 What cou'd I've said ? I'm mighty glad
 She went Abroad — She'd thought me mad.
 The Hour of dining now is past ;
 Well then, I'll e'en go home, and fast ;
 And since I 'scap'd being made a Scoff,
 I think I'm very fairly off.
 My Lady now returning home
 Calls, *Crach' rode, is the Doctor come?*
 He had not heard of him — *Pray see,*
'Tis now a Quarter after Three.
 The Captain walks about, and searches
 Thro' all the Rooms, and Courts, and Arches ;
 Examines all the Servants round,
 In vain — no Doctor's to be found

† *The Gentleman who brought the Message.*

My Lady could not chuse but wonder :
Captain, I fear you've made some Blunder ;
But pray, To Morrow go at Ten,
I'll Try his Manners once again ;
If Rudeness be the Effect of Knowledge,
My Son shall never see a Colledge.

The Captain was a Man of Reading,
 And much good Sense, as well as Breeding :
 Who, loth to blame, or to incense,
 Said little in his own Defence :
 Next Day another Message brought ;
 The Doctor frighten'd at his Fault,
 Is dress'd, and stealing thro' the Crowd,
 Now pale as Death, then blush'd and bow'd
 Panting--and faultring---Humm'd and Ha'd,
Her Ladyship was gone Abroad ;
The Captain too — he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go.
 Beg'd she'd forgive him ; in Conclusion,
 My Lady, pitying his Confusion,
 Call'd her good Nature to relieve him ;
 Told him, she thought she might believe him ;
 And wou'd not only grant his Suit.
 But visit him, and eat some Fruit ;
 Provided, at a proper Time,
 He told the real Truth in Rime.

The

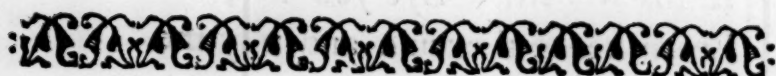
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
 She'd hear of no Excuse in Prose.
 The Doctor stood not to debate,
 Glad to compound at any Rate ;
 So, bowing, seemingly comply'd ;
 Tho' if he durst, he had denied.
 But first resolv'd, to shew his Taste
 Was too refin'd to give a Feast,
 He'd Treat with nothing that was Rare,
 But winding Walks and purer Air ;
 Wou'd entertain without Expence,
 Or Pride, or vain Magnificence ;
 For well he knew, to such a Guest,
 The plainest Meals must be the best.
 To Stomachs clog'd with costly Fare,
 Simplicity alone is rare ;
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious Meats,
 Are really but Vulgar Treats :
 Instead of Spoils of *Persian* Looms,
 The costly Boast of Regal Rooms,
 Thought it more courtly and discreet,
 To scatter Roses at her Feet ;
 Roses of richest Dye, that shone
 With native Lustre, like her own ;
 Beauty that needs no Aid of Art,
 Thro' every Sense to reach the Heart.

The

The gracious Dame, tho' well she knew
 All this was much beneath her due,
 Lik'd ev'ry Thing — at least thought fit
 To praise it, *par maniere d' acquit* ;
 Yet she, tho' seeming pleas'd, can't bear,
 The scorching Sun, or chilling Air ;
 Disturb'd alike at both Extremes,
 Whether he shews or hides his Beams ;
 Tho' seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
 Starts at the Rust'ling of the Trees ;
 And scarce can speak for want of Breath,
 In half a walk fatigu'd to Death.
 The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
 To apologise his late Offence :
 ' Madam, the mighty Pow'r of Use
 ' Now strangely pleads in my Excuse :
 ' If you unus'd, have scarcely Strength
 ' To gain this Walk's untoward Length,
 ' If frighten'd at a Scene so rude,
 ' Thro' long Disuse of Solitude ;
 ' If long confin'd to Fires and Screens,
 ' You dread the waving of these Greens ;
 ' If you who long have breath'd the Fumes
 ' Of City Fogs and crowded Rooms,
 ' Do now sollicitously shun
 ' The cooler Air, and dazzling Sun ;

‘ If

- ‘ If his Majestick Eye you flee,
- ‘ Learn hence t’ excuse and pity me.
- ‘ Consider what it is to bear
- ‘ The powder’d Courtier’s witty Sneer ;
- ‘ To see th’ important Men of Dress
- ‘ Scoffing my College Aukwardness ;
- ‘ To be the strutting Cornet’s Sport ;
- ‘ To run the Gauntlet of the Court,
- ‘ Winning my Way by slow Approaches,
- ‘ Thro’ Crowds of Coxcombs and of Coaches,
- ‘ From the first fierce cockaded Centry,
- ‘ Quite thro’ the Tribe of waiting Gentry ;
- ‘ To pass so many crowded Stages,
- ‘ And stand the Staring of your Pages ;
- ‘ And after all, to crown my Spleen,
- ‘ Be told — *You are not to be seen.*
- ‘ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear,
- ‘ The Awe of your Majestick Air.
- ‘ And can I then be faulty found,
- ‘ In dreading this vexatious Round ?
- ‘ Can it be strange, if I eschew
- ‘ A Scene so glorious, and so new ?
- ‘ Or is he criminal that flies
- ‘ The living Lustre of your Eyes ?



A

LIBEL on D— D—

AND A

Certain Great LORD.

DEluded Mortals, whom the *Great*
 Chuse for Companions *tete a tete*,
 Who at their Dinners, *en famille*
 Get Leave to sit whene'er you will;
 Then, boasting, tell us where you din'd,
 And, how his *Lordship* was so kind;
 How many pleasant Things he spoke,
 And, how you *laugh'd* at every *Joke*:
 Swear, he's a most facetious Man,
 That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*.
 You Travel with a heavy Load,
 And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone;
 Hint the least Int'rest of your own;
 His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,
 He cannot talk of Bus'ness now:

Nor

Or, mention but a vacant *Post*,
 He'll turn it off with ; *Name your Toast*.
 Nor could the nicest Artist Paint,
 A Countenance with more Constraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench ;
 So, Men of Wit are but a kind
 Of Pandars to a vicious Mind,
 Who proper Objects must provide
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,
 When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
 They find an idle Hour to Prate.
 Then, shou'd you dare to ask a *Place*,
 You Forfeit all your *Patron's* Grace,
 And disapoint the sole Design,
 For which he summon'd you to *Dine*.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,
 And one poor Office, half his Days ;
 While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
 To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
 For *Poets* open Table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they Slept.
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
 Was easy, though they wanted Shoes ;

C

And

And, crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
 A Shilling to Discharge his Chair,
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal ;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
 Took proper *Principles* to thrive ;
 And so might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,
 From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
 Withdrew to starve, and dye in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,
 Twice sev'n long Years the *Court* attends,
 Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
 To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth :
 Who pay'd his Courtship with the Croud.
 As far as *Modest Pride* allow'd,
 Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,
 And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

Thus *Addison* by Lords caress't,
 Was left in Foreign Lands distress't,

Forgot

Forgot at Home, became for Hire,
 A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire* ;
 But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill,
 To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
 Let all his barren Lawrel's fade
 Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade,
 And grown a *Minister of State*,
 Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail! happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,
 Detesting all the Statesman kind,
 Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,
 Refus'd the Visits of a — ;
 A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught
 By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught ;
 Whose filial Piety excels
 Whatever *Grecian* Story tells :
 A Genius for all Stations fit,
 Whose *meanest Talent* is his *Wit* :
 His Heart too Great, though Fortune little,
 To Lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle ;
 Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want is plac't :
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive :

And, sits aloft on *Pindus'* Head,
Despising *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread,

True *Politicians* only Pay
For solid Work, but not for Play;
Nor ever chuse to Work with Tools
Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
Consider how much more is due
To all their *Journey-Men*, than you.
At Table you can *Horace* quote:
They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:
You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
You, as a *Critick*, are so curious
To find a Verse in *Virgil* Spurious;
But, they can *Smoak* the deep Designs,
When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* Dines.

Besides; your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a Place already,
An Office for your Talents fit,
To Flatter, Carve, and shew your Wit;
To snuff the Lights, and stir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
What Claim have you to *Place*, or *Pension*?
He overpays in Condescension.

But

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
 Cou'd never Condescend so low;
 The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,
 Wou'd, if he durst, be more your Friend;
 Nor will in you those Gifts despise,
 By which himself was taught to rise:
 When he has Virtue to retire,
 He'll Grieve he did not raise you higher,
 And place you in a better Station,
 Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true — submitting still
 To *W*——'s more than *R*——/ Will.
 And what condition can be worse?
 He comes to *drain* a *Beggar's Purse*:
 He comes to tye our Chains on faster,
 And shew us, *E*—— is our Master:
 Caressing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his Traps,
 Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?
 The Offals of a *Church* distress't,
 A hungry *Vicarage* at best;
 Or, some remote inferior *Post*,
 With forty Pounds a Year at most.

But,

But, here again you interpose ;
 Your favourite *Lord* is none of those,
 Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
 And Characters to Dedications :
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *Learning* none will call in doubt ;
 His *Learning*, though a *Poet* said it,
 Before a Play, wou'd lose no Credit :
 Nor *Pope* wou'd dare deny him Wit,
 Although to Praise it *Philips* Writ.
 I own he hates an Action base,
 His *Virtues* battling with his *Place* ;
 Nor wants a nice discerning Spirit,
 Betwixt a true and spurious Merit ;
 Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
 And give up Party to his Fame.
 I do the most that *Friendship* can ;
 I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the Man.

But, You, who till your Fortune's made
 Must be a Sweet'ner by your Trade,
 Shou'd swear he never meant us ill ;
 We suffer sore against his Will ;
 That, if we could but see his Heart,
 He wou'd have chose a milder part ;

We

We rather should Lament his Case
Who must Obey, or lose his *Place*.

Since this Reflection slip't your Pen,
Insert it when you write agen:
And, to Illustrate it, produce
This *Simile* for Excuse.

“ So to Destroy, a guilty Land,
“ An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
“ While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
“ Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still,
“ An wish the Task had been assign'd
“ To *Spirits* of less gentle kind.

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whose Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold,
Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
Both —— and *Ministers* of State,
Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring* *Knaves* may call it bitter:
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a *Statesman's* Face.

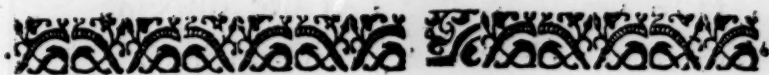
Fresh

Fresh from the *Tripod* of Apollo,
 I had it in the Words that follow.
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence,
 I here except *His Excellence.*)

So, to effect his *M*—*b*'s ends,
 From *Hell* a *V*—*DEV'L* ascends,
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
 The Contributions of the *damn'd*;
 Which with unsparing Hand, he strows
 Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes;
 And then at *Beelzebub's Black-Hall*,
 Complains his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than *GOD* and —
 And, *Statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are *ANGELS*, just as — are *GODS*.





A N

E P I S T L E

Upon an EPISTLE from a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord: Being a Christmas-Box for D. D---ny.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
 When Things of more Importance press;
 You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
 That you, a low *Hibernian* Bard,
 Shou'd cool your Heels a while, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* Gate;
 And wou'd my Lord vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble Boon I want,
 Free Leave to play his *Secretary*,
 As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry*:
 I'd tell of yours in Rhyme and Print:
 Folks shrug, and cry, *There's nothing in't.*
 And after several Readings over,
 It shines most in the Marble Cover.

D

How

How cou'd so fine a Taste dispense
 With mean Degrees of Wit and Sense?
 Nor will my Lord so far *Beguile*
 The *Wise* and *Learned* of our *Isle*;
 To make it pass upon the Nation,
 By Dint of his sole Approbation.
 The Task is Arduous, Patrons find,
 To warp the Sense of all Mankind:
 Who think your Muse must first aspire;
 E're he advance the Doctor higher.

You've Cause to say he *meant you well*:
 That you *are thankful* who *can tell* ?
 For still your'e short (which grieves your Spirit)
 Of his Intent, you mean, your Merit.

Ah! *Quanto rectius, Tu Adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?

* *Smedley*, thou *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
 " When thou thy humble Lay do'st offer
 " To *G—f—n's* Grace, with grateful Heart;
 " Thy Thanks and Verse, devoid of Art:
 " Content with what his Bounty gave,
 " No larger Income dost thou crave.

* Vid. *Smedley's* Petition to his Grace the Duke of *G—f—n*,
 1724.

But

But you must have Cascades, and all
Ierna's Lake, for your Canal,
 Your Vistos, Barges, and (A Pox on
 All Pride) our *Speaker* for your Coxon :
 It's pity that he can't bestow you
 Twelve Commoners in Caps to Row you.
 Thus *Edgar* proud, in Days of Yore,
 Held Monarchs labouring at the Oar ;
 And as he pass'd, so swell'd the *Dee*
 Imag'd, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How different is this from *Smedley*?
 (His Name is up, he may in Bed lye)
 " Who only asks some pretty Cure,
 " In wholesome Soil and Æther Pure ;
 " The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 " In either Angle shady Bowers :
 " No gay Parterre with costly Green,
 " Must in the ambient Hedge be seen ;
 " But Nature freely takes her Course,
 " Nor fears from him ungrateful Force :
 " No Sheers to check her sprouting Vigour,
 " Or shape the *Yews* to Antick Figure.

But you forsooth your *All* must squander,
 On that poor Spot, call'd *Dell-Ville* yonder :

And when you've been at vast Expences
 In Whims, Parterres, Canals and Fences:
 Your Affets fail, and Cash is wanting,
 Nor farther Buildings, farther Planting.
 No wonder when you raise and level,
 Think this Wall low, and that Wall bevel.
 Here a convenient Box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the Ground:
 Then built, then took up with your Arbour,
 And set the House to R—p—t B—b—r.
 You sprung an Arch, which in a Scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled Topfy Turvy.
 You change a Circle to a Square,
 Then to a Circle, as you were:
 Who can imagine whence the Fund is,
 That you *Quadrata* change *Rotundis*?

To *Fame* a Temple you erect,
 A *Flora* does the Dome protect;
 Mounts, Walks, on high; and in a Hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Appolle*;
 There shining 'midst His Train, to Grace
 Your Whimsical, Poetick Place.

These Stories were, of old, design'd
 As Fables: But you have refin'd

The

The Poets Mythologick Dreams,
 To real Muses, Gods, and Streams.
 Who wou'd not swear, when you contrive thus
 That you're *Don Quixote Redivivus*?

Beneath a dry Canal there lies,
 Which only *Winter's* Rain supplies.
 Oh! cou'd'st thou, by some Magick Spell,
 Hither convey *St. Patrick's* Well;
 Here may it re-assume its Stream,
 And take a Greater *Patrick's* Name.

If your Expences rise so high;
 What Income can your Wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A Fund of such Superior Merit,
 That you can't fail of more Provision,
 All by my *Lady's* kind Decision.
 For the more Livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a Bishop:
 That cou'd not be *my Lord's Intent*,
 Nor can it *answer in the Event*.
 Most think what has been heap'd on You,
 To other sort of Folk was due:
 Rewards too great for your Flim-Flams,
Epistles, Riddles, Epigrams.

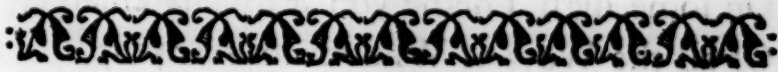
Tho'

Tho' now your Depth must not be Sounded,
 The Time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than CHARLY GRATTAN's School :
 Five hundred Pound a Year's no Fool.

Take this Advice then from your Friend,
 To Your Ambition put an End.
 Be frugal, *Patt* : pay what you owe,
 Before you *Build* and you *Bestow*.
 Be Modest ; nor Address your Betters
 With Begging, Vain, Familiar Letters.

* A Passage may be found, I've heard,
 In some old *Greek* or *Latian* Bard,
 Which says, wou'd Crows in Silence eat
 Their Offals, or their better Meat,
 Their generous Feeders not provoking
 By loud and unharmonious Croaking :
 They might, unhurt by Envy's Claws,
 Live on, and Stuff, to Boot, their Maws.

* Vid. Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. 17.



A N

EPISTLE

To His EXCELLENCY

JOHN *Lord* CARTERET,

Lord LIEUTENANT of *Ireland*.

*Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat:*

Mart. Epig. lib. 9.

THOU wise, and learned Ruler of our Isle,
Whose Guardian Care can all her
Griefs beguile;

When next your generous Soul shall condescend,
T' Instruct, or Entertain your humble Friend,
Whe-

Whether retiring from your weighty Charge,
 On some high Theme you learnedly enlarge;
 Of all the Ways of Wisdom reason well,
 How *Richlieu* rose, and how *Sejanus* fell:
 Or when your Brow less thoughtfully unbends,
 Circled with *Swift*, and some delighted Friends;
 When mixing Mirth and Wisdom with your
 Wine,

Like that your Wit shall flow, your Genius shine,
 Nor with less Praise the Conversation guide,
 Than in the publick Councils you decide:
 Or when the *Dean*, long privileg'd to rail,
 Asserts his Friend with more impetuous Zeal;
 You hear, (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute)
 With soft Concessions shortning the Dispute;
 Then close with kind Enquiries of my State,
 ' How are your Tythes, and have they rose
 of late ?

- ' Why *Christ-Church* is a pretty Situation,
- ' There are not many better in the Nation!
- ' This, with your other *Things*, must yield
 you clear
- ' Some six — at least five hundred Pounds a
 Year.

Suppose

Suppose at such a Time, I took the Freedom
To speak these Truths, as plainly as you read
'em,

(You shall rejoin, my Lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my Lady shall decide.)

My Lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well,
And that I'm thankful, all the World can tell,
But you'll forgive me, if I own th' Event
Is short, is very short of your Intent ;
At least I feel some Ills, unfelt before,
My Income less, and my Expences more.

How Doctor! double Vicar! double Rector!
A Dignitary! with a City Lecture —
What Glebes — what Dues — what Tythes —
what Fines — what Rent!
Why Doctor — will you never be content ;

Would my good Lord but cast up the
Account,
And see to what my Revenues amount,
My Titles ample! but my Gain so small,
That one good Vicarage is worth 'em all —
And very wretched, sure, is he, that's double,
In nothing, but his Titles, and his Trouble.

E

Add

Add to this crying Grievance if you please,
 My Horses founder'd on *Fermanagh* Ways;
 Ways of well-polish'd, and well-pointed Stone,
 Where every Step endangers every Bone;
 And more to raise your Pity, and your Wonder,
 Two Churches—— twelve *Hibernian* Miles
 asunder!

With complicated *Cures*, I labour hard in,
 Besides whole Summers absent from my Garden!
 But that the World would think I play'd the
 Fool,

I'd Change with *Charly Grattan* for his
 School——

What fine Cascades, what Vistas might I make,
 Fixt in Centre of th' *Iernian* Lake!

There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
 Beneath the Conduct of my good * *Sir Ralph*:
 There's not a better Steerer in the Realm;
 I hope my Lord you'll call him to the *Helm*——

Doctor—— a glorious Scheme to ease your
 Grief!

When *Cures* are cross, a School's a sure Relief.

* *Sir Ralph Gore, who has a Villa in the Lake of Erin.*

You cannot fail of being happy there,
 The Lake will be the *Lethe* of your Care:
 The Scheme is for your Honour and your Ease!
 And Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 Mean while, allowing Things—below your
 Merit,

Yet Doctor, you've a philosophick Spirit;
 Your wants are few, and, like your Income,
 small,

And you've enough to gratify 'em all:
 You've Trees, and Fruits, and Roots enough in
 store,

And what would a Philosopher have more?
 You cannot wish for Coaches, Kitchens, Cooks—
 —My Lord, I've not enough to buy me
 Books—

Or pray, suppose my Wants were all supplied,
 Are there no Wants I should regard beside?
 Who's Breast is so unman'd, as not to grieve,
 Compass'd with Miseries he can't relieve?
 Who can be happy — who should wish to live
 And want the Godlike Happiness to give?
 (That I'm a Judge of this you must allow,
 I had it once — and I'm debarr'd it now.)

Ask your own Heart, my Lord, if this be true—
Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!

'Tis true — but Doctor, let us wave all that—
Say, if you had your Wish what you'd you be at;

Excuse me, good my Lord — I won't be founded,
ded,

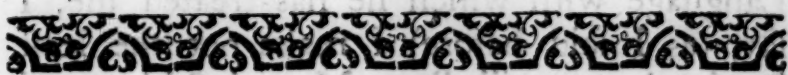
Nor shall your Favour by my Wants be bounded.
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my Due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to You.

Yet this might * *Symmachus* himself avow,
(Whose rigid Rules are antiquated now)

‘ My Lord, I'd wish — to *pay the Debts I owe*, --
‘ I'd wish besides — to *build*, and to *bestow*.

* *Symmachus Bishop of Rome, A. D. 499 made a Decree, that no Man should solicit for Ecclesiastical Preferment, before the Death of the Incumbent.*





The DRAPIER

DEMOLISHED,

A N D

*Set out in his own Proper Colours ; be-
ing a full Confutation of all his
Arguments against Mr. WOOD's
Halfpence.*

By *William Wood, Esq;*

Ye good People of Ireland,
I Make not the least doubt, when ye have
impartially weighed, and considered what
I shall offer upon the present Occasion in my
own defence, and against your Drapier;
When ye shall make an exact *Assay* of the
Arguments on both Sides between him and
me; And lastly when ye shall observe, as I
shall point it out, the abusive and reproachful
Language

Language with which he has treated me, I say, (as I said before) I make not the least Doubt, but ye will all to a Man reject him, and embrace me with open Arms.

In his first Letter to the *Tradesmen, Shop-Keepers, Farmers and Common People in general of the Kingdom of Ireland*, He begins with the wheedling Preamble of *Brethren, Friends, Country-men and Fellow-Subjects*. A Loving beginning indeed ! But I wonder which of us two Loves you best, He that is getting you no Money at all, or I who am this Present providing more Money for you than you shall know what to do with. O Sad ! O Sad ! I am really concerned for the poor Drapier. Soon after he proceeds and says,

It is a great Fault among you, that when a Person writes with no other Intention than to do you good, you will not be at the Pains to read his Advices.

Artful enough indeed ! This he did to draw you in like so many Gudgeons, to swallow his false Arguments, and you see he has accomplished his End at last ; For had ye not read his Letters, ye might have had the Benefit of my Half-pence these five or six Months past.

Pag. 4. *Now you must know, that the Half-pence*

pence and Farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth, and if you should beat them to Pieces and sell them to the Brazier, you would not lose above a Penny in a Shilling. But Mr. Wood made his Half-pence of such base Mettal and so much Smaller than the English ones, that the Brazier would not give you above a Penny of good Money for a Shilling of his.

Ay would he give Three-pence. ——— But one may see his Malice here with half an Eye; He does not tell you of the vast Expence and trouble I am at in Coining; The Number of Clerks I keep in Pay; How much I was out of Pocket in getting my *Patent*; The great Expence I shall be at in Shipping them to *Ireland*, which must in the Nature of things be a vast draw-back to the Profit which I ought to have for my Trouble, and therefore it cannot be supposed I can either put as much or as good Copper in the Half-pence for *Ireland*, as those for *England*. But good Lord! is not a Half-penny a Half-penny when once it is call'd so, and if it passes for a Half-penny can you expect any more? Good People never mind one Word he says, though he tells you a Dozen Hats at five Shillings a Piece, which is three Pound, is but five Shillings in my Money; This is perfect *Transubstantiation* to juggle ye out of your Senses — three Pound

is

is but five Shillings ! Well ; if this be his Computation I have done.

Pag. 5. *This same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own Interest ; (and why should not I) He is an English man and had great Friends (God be thanked for that) and it seems knew very well where to give Money to those that would Speak to others, that could Speak to the King, and could tell a fair Story. I grant that, and what would he infer ? Then he proceeds if his Majesty the King saw that it would utterly ruin the Kingdom of Ireland, He would shew his Displeasure to some Body or another. But a Word to the Wise is enough. We know his meaning by his Mumping, He had as well Spoken what he thought like an honest Man. In the same Page at the Bottom you will read. Most of you must have heard, with what Anger our Honourable House of Commons received an Account of this Woods's Patent. There were several fine Speeches made upon it, and plain Proofs that it was all a wicked Cheat from the Bottom to the Top, and several Smart Votes were Printed which that same Woods had the Assurance to Answer likewise in Print, and in so confident a way as if he were a better Man than our whole Parliament put together.*

The Parliament was Angry-- made Speeches-- found me to be a wicked Cheat-- and I answered

swered as if I had been a better Man than the whole Parliament — Well, I find this Drapier will say any thing, but I am very glad all the Kingdom of *Ireland* knows to the contrary. Let the Drapier answer me only these three Questions; Where did this Parliament sit? And where are the Speeches? And where is my Answer?

Pag. 6. *The Common Soldier when he goes to the Market or Ale-house will offer this Money (meaning my Half-pence) and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and beſtor, and threaten to beat the Butcher or Ale-wife (threaten indeed! he will do it in earneſt) or take the Goods by Force, and throw them the bad Half-pence. (Why ſhould he not? is it any Robbery if he pays them?) In this and the like Caſes, the Shop-keeper, or Victualler, or any other Tradeſman has no more to do than to demand ten times the Price of his Goods, if it is to be paid in Woods's Money; for Example, TWENTY PENCE FOR A QUART OF ALE. The Devil is in his Conſcience, TWENTY PENCE FOR A QUART OF ALE! I believe ſuch another Propoſal was never ſince Adam — To conſider all other things in Proportion, what Miſchief would this Occaſion. That is Fifteen Shillings a Bottle for Claret at Eighteen Pence a Bottle; For a Flaſk of Burgundy five and forty Shillings;*

lings; Fifty Shillings a Day for a Coach; Ten Shillings a Dinner at a twelve-penny Ordinary; Thirty Shillings a Day for a Chair; Ten pence a fresh Egg; Five pence a Half-penny Roll; Two-pence half-penny for a Pint of Small Beer. In short by his Advice, *Viſtuallers*, *Vintners*, and *Trades-Folks* would soon get all the Money of the Kingdom into their own Hands, should they all follow the *Pot of Ale Example*. And now to consider the Poor, they would be undone by the *DRAPIER'S* Advice; The Butcher would have eighteen-pence for a Sheep's Head; The Baker ten Shillings for a twelve-penny Loaf; and thus would it be in Proportion as to all their other Exigencies. No, no, rather take my Advice; *Two pence a Quart, and my Blessing*.

Page the 7th. He denies that my Half-pence are lawful Money of *England*, or *Ireland*. I suppose then, he would have them lawful Money of *Scotland* or *Wales*; For they must be lawful somewhere. For does he think under the Scarcity of Money we find at present, that we can afford to let Fourscore and Ten thousand Pound ly dead. I need no other Argument to shew what a Friend he is to the *Publick*.

Pag. 8. *They say 'Squire C——y has Sixteen*
teen

teen thousand Pounds a Year, now if he sends for his Rent to Town, as it is likely he does, he must have Two hundred and Forty Horses to bring up his Half Years Rent.

Suppose he must, where is the great Hardship ; If a Man of Twelve thousand a Year cannot afford Two hundred and forty Horses to draw his Money, he deserves to want it. I'll engage his Under-Tenants will lay it down at his Door, and it shall not cost him a Farthing for the Carriage.

Pag. 9. These Half-pence, if they once pass, will soon be Counterfeit, because it may be cheaply done, the Stuff is so Base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing and send them over to us to pay for our Goods.

The Stuff is good Stuff let him say what he will, and the Half-pence are good Half-pence and I will stand by it ; If I made them of Silver it would be the same thing to this Grumbler. As for their being Counterfeit, sure they Counterfeit Gold and Silver, and can one help that ? for there ever have been Rogues of Coiners in the World, and will be to the End of it. As for the *Dutch*, it is time enough to complain when they do Coin. I am certain they have not coined one Half-penny as yet ; and if they should,

I shall take care to Stock you so well that you shall have no occasion for theirs, so that they may carry them home again if they please.

Page. 10. *It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one Scale, and this sorry Fellow Woods into the other, that Mr. Wood and his Half-pence should weigh down this whole Kingdom, by which England gets above a Million of good Money every Year clear into their Pockets, and that is more than the English do by all the World beside.*

Petulant Montes — But I beg Pardon for talking to him in a Language which he does not understand.

Pag. 11. *A Famous Law-Book, call'd the Mirror of Justice, discoursing of the Articles (or Laws) ordained by our Antient Kings, declares the Law to be as follows: It was ordained, That no King of this Realm should Change, Impair, or Amend, or make any Money than of Gold or Silver, without the Assent of all the Counties, that is, as my Lord Coke says, without the* 2 Inst. 176. *Assent of Parliament.*

Then he concludes, according to Custom, with his fine flattering Speeches.

Pag.

Pag. 14. *I will now my dear Friends to save you the Trouble, set before you in short what the Law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to. (This Drapier is an excellent Lawyer, I wonder he is not made a Lord Chancellor.)*

First, You are obliged to take all Money in Payments, which is Coined by the King and is of the English Standard or Weight, provided it be of Gold or Silver.

Secondly, You are not obliged to take any Money which is not of Gold or Silver.

Thirdly, Much less are you obliged to take those vile Half-pence of that same Woods.

Therefore my Friends stand to it one and all, refuse this filthy Trash; it is no Treason to rebel against Mr. Wood, His Majesty in his Patent obliges no body to take these Half-pence.

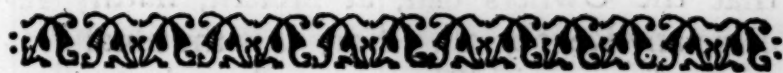
So then, at this Rate they were coined for no body, by some body; and some body is to get nothing by no body. I have made a fine Hand of my Patent and Coinage. Ye see Gentlemen, the Force of that Argument which the Drapier offers, but I find Logick is not his Talent. Thus have I with great Patience gone through this Injurious Piece of Satyr upon
upon

upon myself contained in this First Letter. But knowing that the best Undertakers have always met with Enemies and Detractors, I comfort my self that I have far defeated this malicious Author, That you are all convinced, I am now for all your Goods, and tho' a perfect Stranger to the Country of *Ireland*, yet a little time will shew what Industry and Pains it has cost me, to make you a flourishing and a happy People. It is my Inclination to preserve a good Understanding between me and you, however wicked People may endeavour to interpose. Before I conclude, I have one Complaint more, I am told, That *Pitiful, Malicious, Infiduous, Undermining Scribling Drapier*, set on a Parcel of *Tatter'd, Filthy, Irish, Buttermilk, Potatoe Scoundrels* to carry my Effigies about in *Wood*, and afterwards hang it at *Stephen's-Green*; for which I hope when the Parliament Sits to have ample Satisfaction. I am glad that none of the Gentry of *Ireland* were concern'd in that Abominable Procession.

I am your best Friend,

W. W.

A



A
P R O P O S A L
F O R A N
A C T of P A R L I A M E N T,
To sell the Bishops Lands

THE Debts contracted some Years past for the Service and Safety of the Nation, are grown so great, that under our present distress'd Condition by the Want of Trade, the great Remittances to pay Absentees, Regiments serving Abroad, and many other drains of Money, well enough known and felt; the Kingdom seems altogether unable to discharge them by the common Methods of Payment: And either a Pole or Land-Tax would be too odious to think of, especially the Latter, because the Lands which have been let for these Ten or Dozen Years past, were raised so high,
that

that the Owners can, at present, hardly receive any Rent at all. For, it is the usual Practice of an *Irish* Tenant, rather than want Land, to offer more for a Farm than he knows he can be ever able to pay, and in that Case he grows desperate, and pays nothing at all. So that a Land-Tax upon a rackt Estate would be a Burthen wholly insupportable.

The Question will then be, how these National Debts can be paid, and how I can make good the several Particulars of my Proposal, which I shall now lay open to the Publick.

The Revenues of their Graces and Lordships the Arch-Bishops and Bishops of this Kingdom (excluding the Fines) do amount by a moderate Computation to 36,800 l. *per Ann.* I mean the Rents which the Bishops receive from their Tenants. But the real Value of those Lands at a full Rent, taking the several Sees one with another, is reckoned to be at least three fourths more, so that Multiplying 36,800 l. by 4, the full Rent of all the Bishops Lands will amount to 147,200 l. *per Ann.* from which Subtracting the present Rent received by their Lordships, that is, 36,800 l. the Profits of the Lands received by the first and second Tenants (who both have great Bargains) will rise to the Sum of 110400 l. *per*

per Ann. which Lands, if they were to be sold at Twenty Two Years Purchase, would raise a Sum of 2,428,800 l. reserving to the Bishops their present Rents, only excluding Fines.

Of this Sum I propose, that out of the one half which amounts to 1,214,400, l. so much be applyed as will entirely discharge the Debts of the Nation and the Remainder laid up in the Treasury, to supply Contingencies, as well as to discharge some of our heavy Taxes, until the Kingdom shall be in a better Condition.

But whereas the present Sett of Bishops would be great Losers by this Scheme for want of their Fines, which would be hard Treatment to such Religious, Loyal, and Deserving Personages, I have therefore set a-part the other half to supply that Defect, which it will more than sufficiently do.

A Bishop's Lease for the full Term, is reckoned to be worth Eleven Years Purchase, but if we take the Bishops round, I suppose, there may be Four Years of each Lease elapsed, and many of the Bishops being well stricken in Years, I cannot think their Lives round to be worth more than seven Years Purchase; so that the Purchasers may very well afford

G

fifteen

fifteen Years Purchase for the Reversion, especially by one great additional Advantage, which I shall soon mention.

This Sum of 2,428,800 l. must likewise be sunk very considerably, because the Lands are to be sold only at 15 Years Purchase, and this lessens the Sum to about 1,656,000 l. of which I propose Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds to be applyed partly for the Payment of the National Debt, and partly as a Fund for future Exigencies, and the remaining 456,000 l. I propose as a Fund for paying the present Sett of Bishops their Fines, which it will abundantly do, and a great Part remain as an Addition to the Publick Stock.

Although the Bishops round do not in reality receive three Fines a piece, which take up 21 Years, yet I allow it to be so; but then I will suppose them to take but one year's Rent in Recompence of giving them so large a Term of Life, and thus multiplying 36800 by 3 the Product will be only 110400 l. so that above three fourths will remain to be applyed to Publick Use.

If I have made wrong Computations, I hope to be excused, as a Stranger to the Kingdom, which I never saw till I was called to an Employment, and yet where I intend

tend to pass the Rest of my Days; but I took Care to get the best Informations I could, and from the most proper Persons; however, the mistakes I may have been guilty of, will very little affect the main of my Proposal, although they should cause a Difference of one Hundred Thousand Pounds more or less.

These Fines, are only to be paid to the Bishop during his Incumbency in the same See; If he changeth it for a Better, the Purchasers of the Vacant See Lands, are to come immediately into Possession of the See he hath left, and both the Bishop who is removed, and he who comes into his Place, are to have no more Fines, for the removed Bishop will find his Account by a larger Revenue; and the other See will find Candidates enough. For the Law Maxim will here have place, that *Caveat*, &c. I mean the Persons who succeed may chuse whether they will accept or no.

As to the Purchasers, they will probably be Tenants to the See, who are already in Possession, and can afford to give more than any other Bidders.

I will further explain myself. If a Person already a Bishop, be removed into a richer See, he must be content with the bare Revenues, without any Fines, and so must he who comes into a Bishoprick vacant by Death: And this

will bring the Matter sooner to bear ; which if the Crown shall think fit to Countenance, will soon change the present Sett of Bishops, and consequently encourage Purchasers of their Lands . For Example, If a Primate should die, and the Gradation be wisely made, almost the whole Sett of Bishops might be changed in a Month, each to his great Advantage, although no Fines were to be got, and thereby save a great Part of that Sum which I have appropriated towards supplying the Deficiency of Fines.

I have valued the Bishops Lands two Years Purchase above the usual computed Rate, because those Lands will have a Sanction from the King and Council in *England*, and be confirmed by an Act of Parliament here ; besides, it is well known, that higher Prices are given every Day, for worse Lands, at the remotest Distances, and at rack Rents, which I take to be occasioned by want of Trade: When there are few Borrowers, and the little Money in private Hands lying dead, there is no other way to dispose of it but in buying of Land, which consequently makes the Owners hold it so high,

Besides paying the Nation's Debts, the Sale of these Lands would have many other good Effects upon the Nation ; it will considerably encrease

encrease the Number of Gentry, where the Bishops Tenants are not able or willing to Purchase ; for the Lands will afford an hundred Gentlemen a good Revenue to each ; several Persons from *England* will probably be glad to come over hither, and be the Buyers, rather than give thirty Years Purchase at home, under the Loads of Taxes for the Publick and the Poor, as well as Repairs, by which Means much Money may be brought among us, and probably some of the Purchasers themselves may be content to live cheap in a worse Country, rather than be at the Charge of Exchange and Agencies, and perhaps of Non-solvencies in Absence, if they Let their Lands too high.

This Proposal will also multiply Farmers, when the Purchasers will have Lands in their own Power, to give long and easy Leases to industrious Husbandmen.

I have allowed some Bishopricks of equal Income to be of more or less Value to the Purchaser, according as they are circumstanced. For Instance, The Lands of the Primacy and some other Sees, are let so low, that they hardly pay a fifth-Penny of the real Value to the Bishop, and there the Fines are the greater. On the contrary, the Sees of *Meath* and

and *Clanfert*, consisting, as I am told, much of Tythes, those Tythes are annually Let to the Tenants without any Fines. So the See of *Dublin* is said to have many Fee-Farms which pay no Tythes, and some Leases for Lives which pay very little, and not so soon nor so duly.

I cannot but be confident, that their Graces my Lords the Arch-Bishops, and my Lords the Bishops will heartily join in this Proposal, out of Gratitude to his late and present Majesty, the best of Kings, who have bestowed such high and opulent Stations, as well as in Pity to this Country which is now become their own, whereby they will be Instrumental towards paying the Nation's Debts, without impoverishing themselves: Enrich an Hundred Gentlemen, as well as Free them from Dependance, and thus remove that Envy which is apt to fall upon their Graces and Lordships from considerable Persons, whose Birth and Fortunes rather qualify them to be Lords of Mannors, than servile Dependents upon Church-men, however dignified or distinguished.

If I do not flatter my self, there could not be any Law more popular than this; for the immediate Tenants to Bishops, being some of them Persons of Quality, and good Estates,
and

and more of them grown up to be Gentlemen by the Profits of these very Leases, under a Succession of Bishops think it a Disgrace to be Subject both to Rents and Fines, at the Pleasure of their Landlords. Then the Bulk of the Tenants, especially the Dissenters, who are our loyal Protestant Brethren, look upon it both as an unnatural and iniquitous thing that Bishops should be Owners of Land at all; (wherein I beg to differ from them) being a Point so contrary to the Practice of the Apostles, whose Successors they are deemed to be, and who although they were contented that Land should be sold, for the Common Use of the Brethren, yet would not buy it themselves, but had it laid at their Feet, to be distributed to poor Profelytes.

I will add one Word more, that by such a wholesome Law, all the Oppressions felt by under Tenants of Church Leases, which are now laid on by the Bishops would entirely be prevented, by their Graces and Lordships consenting to have their Lands sold for payment of the Nation's Debts, reserving only the present Rent for their own plentiful and honourable Support.

I beg leave to add one Particular, that, when Heads of a Bill (as I find the Style runs in this Kingdom) shall be brought in for forming
this

this Proposal into a Law; I should humbly offer that there might be a Power given to every Bishop (except those who reside in *Dublin*) for applying one Hundred Acres of profitable Land that lyes nearest to his Palace as a Demesne for the conveniency of his Family.

I know very well, that this Scheme hath been much talk'd of for some time past, and is in the Thoughts of many Patriots, neither was it properly mine, although I fell readily into it, when it was first communicated to me.

Tho' I am almost a perfect Stranger in this Kingdom, yet since I have accepted an Employment here, of some Consequence as well as Profit, I cannot but think my self in Duty bound to consult the Interest of a People, among whom I have been so well received. And if I can be any way Instrumental towards contributing to reduce this excellent Proposal into a Law, which being not in the least Injurious to *England*, will, I am Confident, meet with no Opposition from that Side, my sincere Endeavours to serve this Church and Kingdom will be well rewarded.

To



To the Rt. Honourable

Sir Richard Poynes, Kt.

Lord Judge of the Assizes for the Province of Munster.

The Humble Petition of Mr. Dermott Falvey, a well and most accomplished Gentleman.

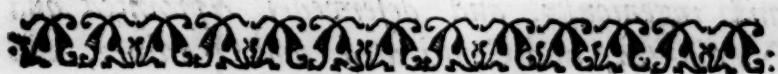
MOST humbly, and most obsequiously,
and most obediently, and most sub-
missively, and most dutifully, and most re-
spectfully shewing, and expressing, and decla-
ring, and setting forth to your Lordship, That
whereas, and whereby, and wherewith, and
wherein, and whereout, and whereupon; the
most Major, most Greater, the most Bigger,
and most Stronger, and the most Braver part
of the most Ablest, and most Mightiest Sort
of the People of the Barrony of *Iverab*, find-
ing, and knowing, and certifying, and ac-
quainting

quainting Themselves, both heretofore, and the time past, and the time to come; and now, and there, and then, and every where, and at the present time, to be very much and greatly oppressed, suppressed, distressed, and overcharged, in all manner of Taxes and Quit-Rent, and all other Levys and accidental Applotments and Collections, Gatherings together in the County of *Kerry*; And, *for the future prevention* of all and every such, henceforth, and heretofore, and for the time to come, and the time past, and now, and at this time, and for ever, the aforesaid, most Major, most Bigger, and the most Stronger, and the most Braver part, of the most best Sort of the People of the Barrony aforesaid HATH NOMINATED, Appointed, Constituted, Ordained, Declared, Elected, and Made Me, Mr. *Dermott Falvey* to Sollicit and make Motion to your Lordship, looking upon ME Mr. *Dermott Falvey*, now, and then, and there, and every-where, to be the most fittest, the most meetest, and most ablest, realest, and best, and the most accomplished, and most eloquent *Spokesman* within the said Barrony, their *Grand, and Wise, and Well-beloved, and Well-bestowed, and better Merited Agent and Sollicitor*, to Represent oppression, suppression, and for all such, and for all much, and whereby, and wherewith, and wherein, and whereout, and whereupon your *Petitioner is fairly and finely, and handsomely,*
and

and ingeniously, and deservedly Appointed and Nominated, and Constituted, and Ordained, and Elected, and Approved of, and made Choice of, as an Agent, Solicitor, to undergo, overgo, and Manage this Now, and Big, and Mighty important Service.

May it please your very Good, and very Great, and very Big, and very Bravest, and very Worshipful, and very Honourable Lordship, very Graciously, and very Goodly, and very Greatly, and very Bigly, and very Bravely, and very Worshipfully, and very Honourably to consider, and to think upon, and to remember, and to keep in Mind the great Oppressions, Suppressions, and Distresses and Overcharges aforesaid, of the said most Major, and most Greater, and the most Bigger, and most Stronger, and most Braver part; and also of the most Gooder part of the Barrony aforesaid; And graciously to grant such Relief, and such Kindness, and such Goodness in the Premises, to this most Obsequious, and most Obedient, and most Submissive, and most Dutiful, and most Respectful Petitioner, as to your Lordship, in the greatest Wisdom shall seem meet.

And Your Petitioner will Pray, &c.



A

COPY of VERSES

Upon two celebrated Modern Poets.

BEHOLD those Monarch-Oaks that rise,
With lofty Branches to the Skies,
Have large proportion'd Roots that grow
With equal Longitude below:
Two Bards that now in fashion reign,
Most aptly this Device explain:
If This to Clouds and Stars will venture,
That creeps as far to reach the Centre ;
Or more to show the Thing I mean,
Have you not o'er a Sawpit seen,
A skill'd Mechanick that has stood,
High on a Length of prostrate Wood,
Who hir'd a subterraneous Friend,
To take his Iron by the End ;

But

But which excell'd was never found,
The Man above, or under Ground.

The Moral is so plain to hit,
That had I been the God of Wit,
Then in a Sawpit and wet Weather,
Shou'd *Young* and *Phillips* drudge together.



(22)

But which excell'd was never found
The Man above, or under Ground.

The Mortal is so plain to his
That had I been the God of Wit,
Then in a Swamp and wet Weather,
Should Young and Philistines together.

